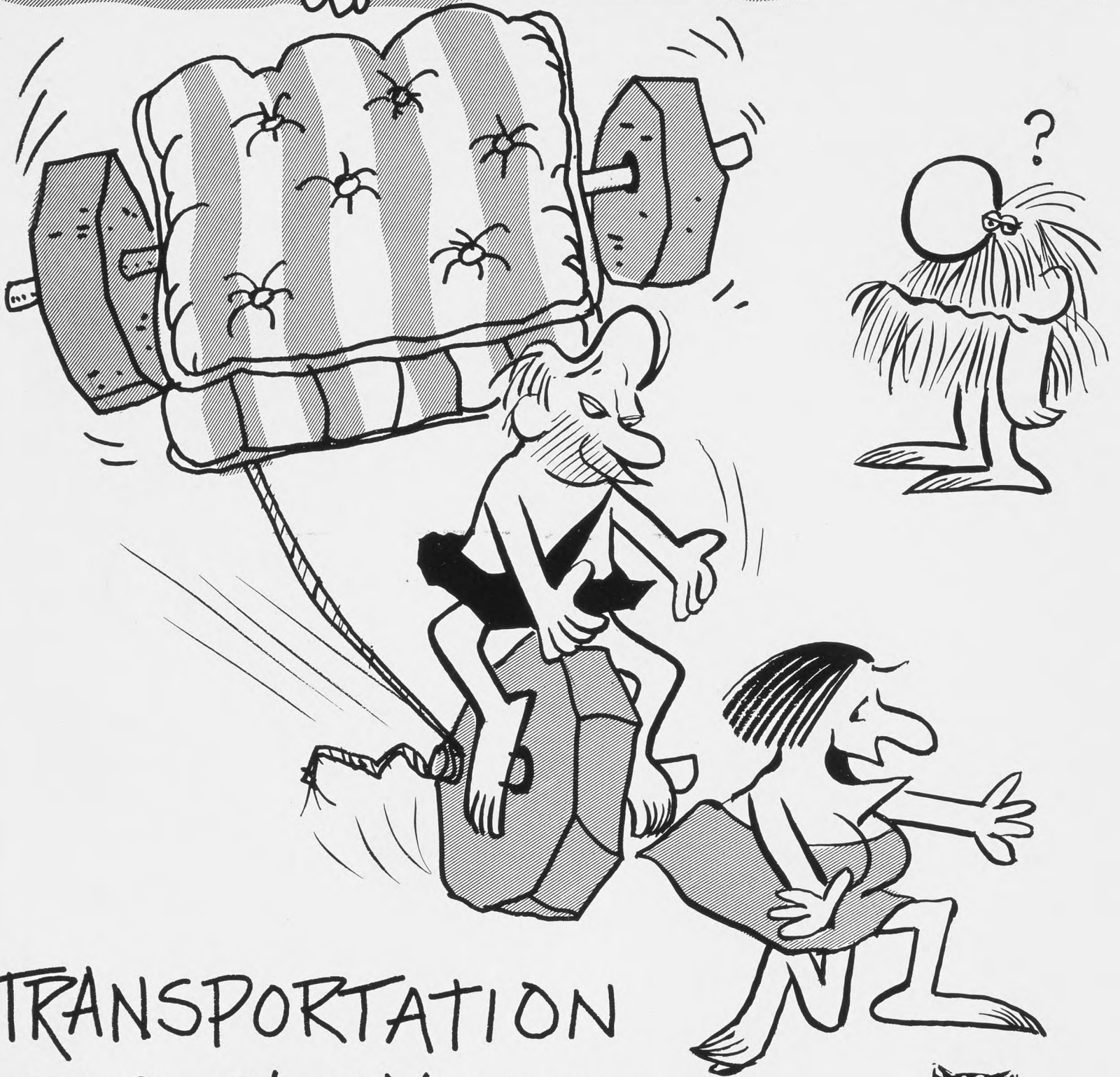




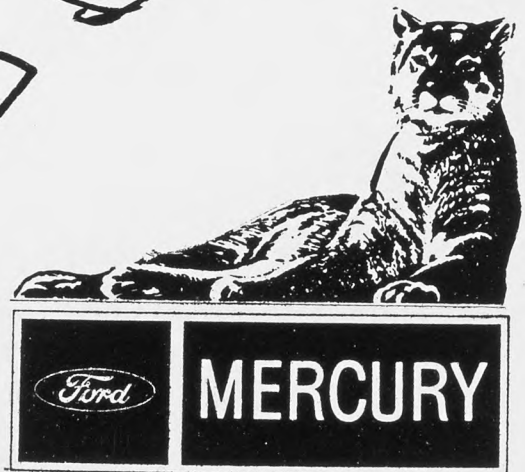
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I'm happy to give greetings to the Calgary Press Club on the occasion of another annual barbecue, almost as distinctive as the Stampede itself. May the tradition be maintained on this occasion—one of true Western hospitality.

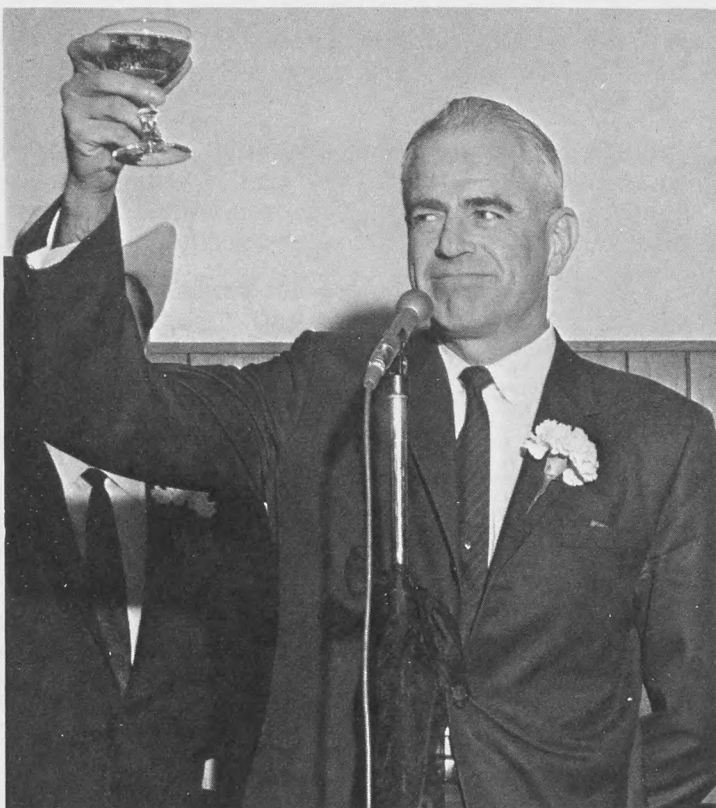
*Sincerely,
J. W. Grant MacEwan,
Lieutenant-Governor of Alberta*

It is with pleasure that I extend sincere best wishes to the Calgary Press Club in continuing its worthwhile contribution to the promotion of the annual Calgary Stampede by staging your seventh annual Double B Barbecue.

Your enthusiasm and efforts are to be commended as this event is looked forward to with great anticipation, not only by your membership but all who have the opportunity to participate.

Congratulations on the progress you have made during the past year with the opening of your new club facilities. I am sure your annual barbecue will be another resounding success.

*Yours sincerely,
E. C. Manning,
Premier of Alberta*



It is with extreme pleasure that I am once again able to wish the members of the Calgary Press Club and their guests a splendid evening on the occasion of the seventh annual "Double B" barbecue.

Since the barbecue now comes in the middle of the Stampede celebrations, a most strenuous time for the fourth estate, I hope you will take time out tonight to thoroughly enjoy this barbecue. I know our Western hospitality will be put to its severest test tonight, but I also know no one can put it over better than the members of the press, radio and TV.

*Sincerely,
JACK LESLIE,
Mayor of Calgary*



JULY 68

LIFE MEMBER

W. O. "Bill" Mitchell, University of Calgary

OFFICERS

President Jim Knowler
 Vice-President Jack Stewart
 Treasurer Joe Trickey
 Secretary Lynne Rach

DIRECTORS

Reg Vickers, Lorne Stout, Don Thomas, Bob Shiels, Dave Humphreys, Nev York, Peter Brick, Larry Gilchrist, Dale O'Hara, Gordon Milligan, Jack Fleming, Lorne Ball, Julie-Ann Farkas and A. T. Willott.

DOUBLE B COMMITTEE

Chairman Joe Trickey
 Vice-Chairman Gordon Milligan

Double B Annual:

Advertising director Julie-Ann Farkas
 Production James Logan
 Editorial Copy Reg Vickers and Bob Shiels
 Cover Design Tom Innes

Opening week photographs by Bill Onions

1967 Double B Photos by Dave Colville



The Press Club tonight welcomes as its special guests Miss Stampede Diane Leech, left, and Miss Pot O' Gold, Joy Webster.

Our President Lays A Few Ground Rules

At the risk of sizzling the Vietnam war off the front pages again, we have been forced to lay down a few rules for this session of the B and B . . . now look, don't argue . . . it HAD to be done. And since the president has never been an offender before (before you choke on your beef, remember there was another president last year), it seemed appropriate that he be the one to lay down the law.

But before we get into that, let me just say this: the B and B has become an infamous, and somewhat dubious, exercise in the past (city pastors have noted a marked decrease in church attendance the following Sunday) and it is because of this illustrious reputation that you are all here again. With the exception of the regulations to follow, we invite you all to have a good time tonight . . . for tomorrow you will suffer.

Welcome to the barbecue from myself and the members of the B and B committee. It is a particularly exciting night for me as this is the first time I have been able to welcome you as president. Eat, drink, dance and sing . . . and try to be home by Monday.

Now for the regulations:

(1) We are making it illegal to throw anyone else's wife into the river (your own is fair game), as several were lost last year.

(2) Any person wishing to swim the river after 11 p.m., must rigidly adhere to the buddy system—if one can be found.

(3) No side excursions to the dark corners of the island will be allowed with anyone but your wife, your mistress or your secretary—or all three.

(4) Anyone wishing to walk home must first leave his name, and the name of a close relative, with the bartender.

(5) Every person shall buy at least one stranger one drink (the choice of strangers is your own, although a committee has been established to assist those who know just about everybody).

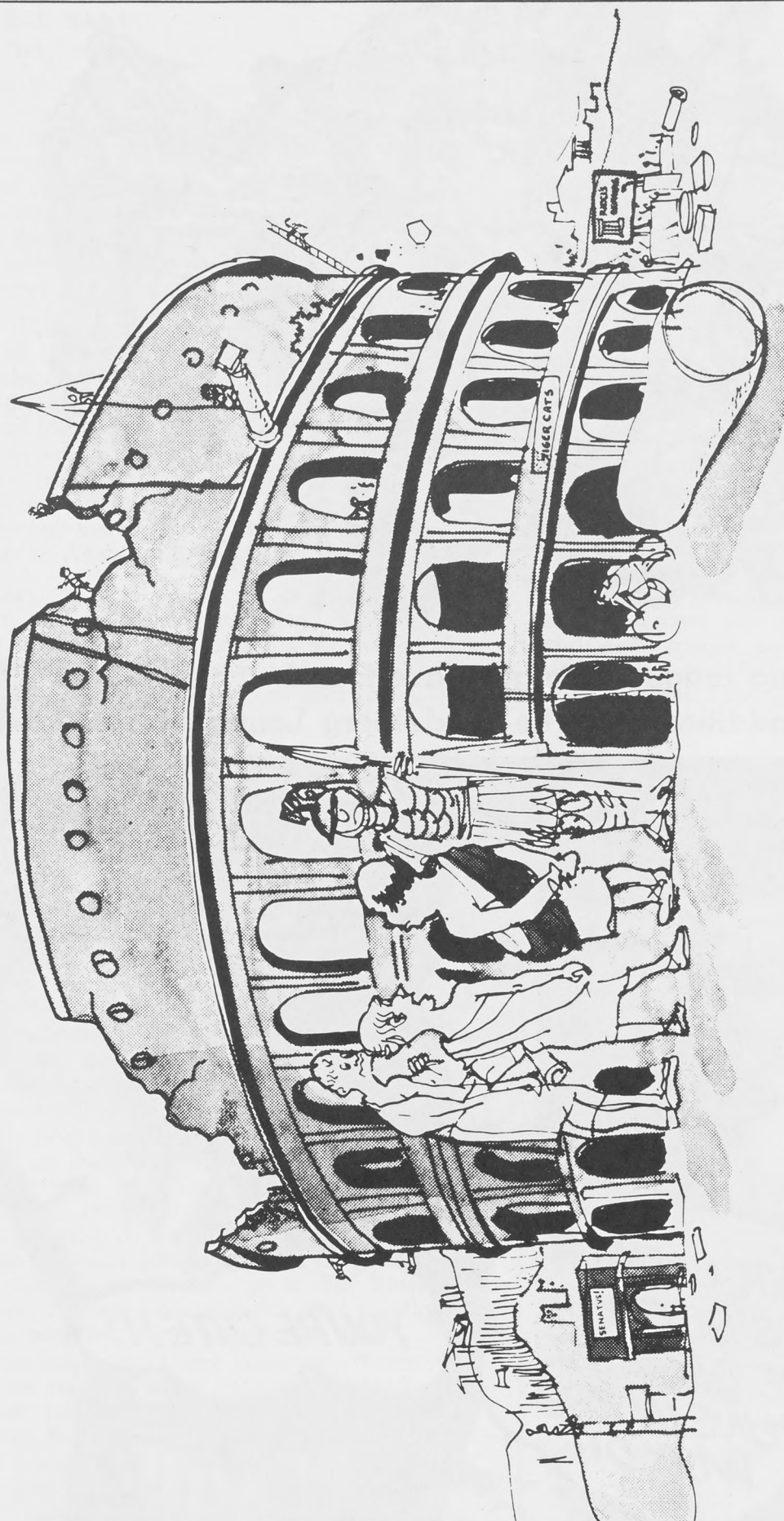
(6) Western dress does not mean dressing the western side and leaving the east bare.

(7) No person shall be served more drinks than he can carry in his hands, feet, between his teeth, in his belt and balanced on his head at any one time.

(8) The uniformed police officers are to be treated with respect, and are not to be asked for autographs, asked to pose for photos or asked to fire their pistols in the air to gain attention on the platform.

With these few exceptions, you are free to do as you please and enjoy one Hell of an evening. Oh, yes, remember one more thing: the Barbecue slogan — Be Big-Hearted and Buy the President a Beer.

—JIM KNOWLER,
 President.



Decline and fall, my foot! Some $\frac{9}{10}$ X&? architect forgot to specify Alcan aluminvm.

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Good Night Adam, Good Night Eve

By **RUSSELL BAKER**

(The New York Times)

WASHINGTON — A special news report on the expulsion from Eden, composed after sitting through a half dozen network TV special reports on this year's political events:

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. As we have all just heard, Adam and Eve have been ordered to pack their things and leave Eden within 12 hours. The news has astounded all of us who have been covering the Eden story just as much as it must have astounded you

"The divine announcement that the expulsion is the result of Eve's eating some sort of forbidden fruit was a bombshell to reporters who have been following events in the garden. The announcement did not say what kind of fruit it was that Eve ate, but as you know we have our computers programmed to estimate the approximate nature of anything that can conceivably occur in Eden, and we should have a projection on that for you any minute now. In the meantime, here is Herb Hicap at Adam's headquarters. Come in Herb."

"Thanks, Walter. There is an atmosphere of anticipation and doubt here at Adam's headquarters. Adam has been upstairs since early in the evening and presumably heard the announcement on television. What he has been doing since, nobody here knows. The best guess is that he is packing."

"Have you been able to find out what kind of fruit Eve ate, Herb?"

"There is a rumor here, Walter, that it was an avocado, but it's based on nothing more substantial than a rumor that Eve has always had an intense liking for avocados."

"Thank you, Herb. We are going to switch to our computer centre now. David?"

"Walter, our computers have had a scientifically selected sample of fresh fruit fed into them, along with a lot of data about feminine psychology, and the projection they give us is that when the story is all in it will turn out that Eve ate 63 Malaga grapes and an overripe banana."

"There it is, ladies and gentlemen; 63 Malaga grapes and an overripe banana. That's the way our network computer is calling it at this minute. Of course, at this stage it's merely a projection. The immediate question, of course, is where Adam and Eve will take up residence when they leave the garden, and for some thoughts on that we go to Bill Rinse, the only reporter on earth who predicted three months ago that Adam and Eve would be expelled. Bill?"

"Where they go isn't very important, Walter. The real question puzzling Eden analysts tonight is what they'll wear. Eden is a pretty tolerant place, not to mention climatically balmy, and they've been able to get by until now without wearing anything at all. But observers agree that from now on they're going to have to slip into something more uncomfortable."

"Would you care to make a prediction, Bill, about what it will be?"

"In a year like this, Walter, no reporter wants to predict anything, but my guess would be that they'll put on tomato leaves."

"Thanks, Bill. We have word that Dan Quite, our Snakehouse correspondent, is standing by with a bulletin. Come in, Dan."

"A few minutes ago, Walter, the Galapagos turtle informed us that it was a serpent who persuaded Eve to eat the fruit. The serpent's motives are still unknown, but speculation centres on the probability that he was acting as a stalking snake for someone else hoping to knock Adam and Eve out of the garden. If so, the serpent will have to be considered a strong possibility for the vice presidential nomination."

"I should say so, Dan. It may interest all of us to know that our computers have been busy since we last heard from them and have a new fruit estimate. What are they saying now, David?"

"Walter, additional raw fruit has been fed into the computers since their last report, and they have now refined their forecast. They now say that the forbidden fruit will prove to have been an apricot."

"What is the computer projection of what Adam and Eve will wear after Eden, David?"

"Fig newtons, Walter."

"Excuse me, but we have a bulletin from Herb Hicap at Adam headquarters. Herb."

"Word has just been sent downstairs to the ballroom here, Walter, that Adam shaved and had a light meal of walnuts and carrots while watching our network news special, and he has sent down a note. It reads as follows: 'Tell that stupid computer it's going to be fig leaves. Leaves. Leaves. Leaves. Not newtons.'"

"Thank you, Herb. Now this message about aspirin . . ."



"Why do you insist on reading the Daily Oil Bulletin now, darling?"



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CANADIAN OIL AND GAS
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The B.B. '67 Style



THE CALETES KICK OFF LAST YEAR'S BARBECUE WITH A WESTERN NUMBER

Nancy, Peter, Peggy And A Guy Named Gimby Made It Swing

Someone got carried away last year and described the Double B Barbecue as "a rousing, high-spirited, head-swimming winner."

Which is fair enough.

You know we wouldn't exaggerate or try to put you on or anything like that. And if you were at the party you may (or may not, depending on your condition) remember that it did swing.

It was Centennial Year, 1967, and the show appropriately had a Centennial flavor, most of it provided by Bobby Gimby. Remember him? We had the band all set to play Ca-Na-Da as soon as he stepped on the stage. As it happened, he had brought his horn along with him. So he played along with the band and everybody sang and we could have danced all night.

It was that kind of a night — a fun night, helped along by a great collection of swingers led by Peter Brown, the cowboy star from Laredo; Nancy Greene, skier, parade marshall and all-round grand gal, and Peggy Neville, the CBC singing star from Winnipeg.

Since this was a Press Club affair, it was appropriate that among the dignitaries present we had W. O. Mitchell, the author from High River via Crocus, Sask., honorary president of the club; Charles Lynch, chief of Southam News Services, and Calgary author James H. Gray.

Charles Lynch, we discovered, plays the harmon-

ica. This he tried to do but we had to abandon the project because he requires horses' hooves clumping for accompaniment and after a very short time this was just too hard on the accompanists' paws.

Some of our friends have been with us so long they've pretty well become Double B institutions and we wouldn't want to forget to mention the likes of Joe Mason, our one and only one man band, the Calettes, Andy Wolandi and the Bob Allen Dance Band.

Also among those joining in the jollity were Mayor and Mrs. Jack Leslie, Centennial Commissioner John Fisher, U.S. Consul-General and Mrs. V. N. L. Johnson, Stampede Queen Patsy Allen, Miss Pot O' Gold Terry Aslip and CBC sportscaster Fred Sgambati. Don Thomas was our talented master of ceremonies (whenever he could get the mike away from Peter Brown) and another old friend Emil Peters, looked after the beef and beans.

Altogether it was a pretty classy crowd. It was a cool night but the rain that threatened all that day never materialized. We simply won't allow any rain to fall on the Double B though (waffling a bit on second thought) if it should turn damp one of these years the show goes on anyway.

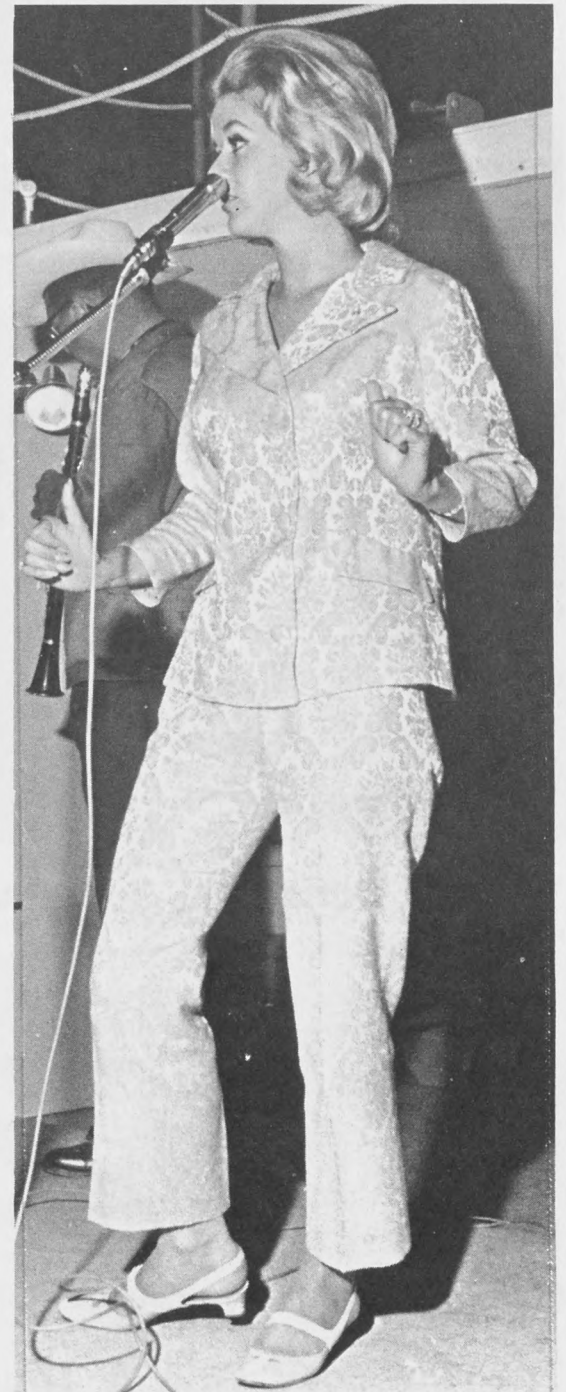
This is our seventh annual party tonight. We're not sure whether we've become an institution or whether we're ready for one.

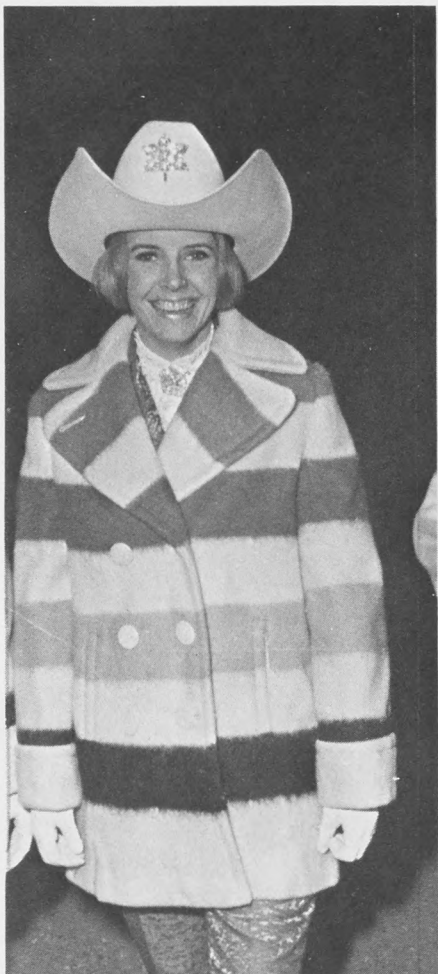


PART OF THE 1967 B.B. CROWD: THE BEANS WERE WELCOME ON THE COOL NIGHT



There were girls aplenty at the B.B. but two were shining examples of Miss Personality. Above, skiing champ Nancy Greene clowns it up with Emcee Don Thomas, left, and Stampede Board's Don Weldon. At right CBC birdie Peggy Neville "socks it to 'em" in true show biz fashion. This was the second barbecue for Miss Neville.





PATSY ALLEN, MISS STAMPEDE,



COWBOY STAR PETER BROWN GREET FANS



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Miracle? Hell No --- It Was Hard Work

The story of the Calgary Press Club since its closing is one of frustration. The story of its opening is of a miracle.

The club closed its doors on Sixth Avenue South in the spring of 1964. When the last drink was passed over the Bar 30, it was a pretty hopeless situation that faced the dozen directors still faithful to the cause. The club was not only broke, but several thousand in debt.

For the next three-and-a-half years the directors hunted in vain for new premises all the while moving the club's furniture from one storage place to the next. The only thing that really kept the club together was the Double B barbecue, held each year just before the Stampede. With the profits from these barbecues, the club wiped off the debt and built up a sizeable bank balance.

Then, in late January of this year, the big break came in the form of a call from The Alberta Government Telephones. They had purchased the Elks Club building on 7th Ave. and would be tearing it down in a few years to provide extra office space. Would the Press Club be interested in leasing the premises until AGT was ready to move in? Indeed we would, director Gordon Milligan told them after consulting with the club executive, and the show was on the road.

Weeks of negotiations followed. The executive met the AGT representatives and bargained for a better rent deal. When this was completed, a long series of correspondence commenced with the Alberta Liquor Control Board. Their first response was encouraging.

The ALCB couldn't see anything basically wrong with the proposition. They sent their local inspector around to the premises and he noted "if the press club is determined to have new quarters then it might as well be here."

The next moves fell to the club directors. Committees had to be set up and the work of moulding a new club (for the membership in the past club had dwindled to about 50 active members) had to be done at top speed. Since the club had to start paying rent as of April 1, it was imperative from a financial point that we be in operation by the middle of that month at the latest. The April 16 opening was then decided on and a promotion pamphlet using this date for the opening celebrations was rushed off the presses. While Jack Stewart's membership committee kept track of all incoming applications and made up lists of likely candidates for the club, a promotion committee, headed by Dale O'Hara went to work on lining up a week that would knock the members on their ears. The long distance lines hummed as they called the Playboy Club in Chicago and lined up a real live playmate for the opening week and Toronto where they obtained Fred Davis, that Front-Page Challenge man, and Pierre Berton, author and TV personality, to help out with the opening ceremonies.

Meanwhile the house committee, which was in charge of seeing that the club was in shape for the opening date, was having trouble getting going. The last tenants were slow in getting out and AGT was thus held up in getting the renovations under way.

Our opening day was getting precariously close but the directors still thought they could make it. The Liquor Board inspectors, however, did not.

They gave the club a preliminary inspection one week before our scheduled opening and their faces fell. The club was no where near ready. They didn't see how we could make it by the following Tuesday and immediately summoned the executive to give them the bad news. "You'll need a miracle to get open on time," they said.

That miracle started taking shape the next morning. The plea for volunteers went out to the two newspapers and the radio and TV stations. More painters were hired, the carpenter was put on overtime and electricians and rug cleaners were lined up. When the final edition was away, a crew from The Herald would show up and work through to early evening. Later in the afternoon, Lorne Ball, Dale O'Hara and several others from the radio stations would rush over to pitch in. In the evening, non-media types like Tom Matheson and Ralph Kline would arrive. The activity stopped every night shortly before midnight, but only briefly. Then a crew from The Albertan would come in and work through to the early morning hours. It still wasn't enough to do the job, so the call went out to the wives and soon a half-dozen of them were down at the club cleaning the furniture, scrubbing floors and painting.

Most of the directors spent the entire week at the club. There was panelling to put up and chairs to re-finish and settees to move. There was an occasional break for a beer and a hamburger and once in a while someone would pound out a tune on the old club piano, but most of the time it was pure work — at a frantic pace. The April 16 deadline hung over them at all times. The whole operation was timed like the D-Day landings. While everyone worked in one room, the other one was thoroughly cleaned by professional rug crews. When that room was finished, everyone moved back in while the cleaners tackled the other side. On Good Friday the scene was pure pandemonium. There was Tom Innes in one corner hanging the wall paper; there was Larry O'Hara trying desperately to finish off work on the bar; in another room, Bob Shiels was painting a wall while trying not to fall off the ladder (he didn't); in the games room Ian Christie was nailing up curtain rods and in the table tennis room, Dave Humphreys and his Albertan crew were ripping up the tile.

Somehow it all came together and on Tuesday morning, the liquor board inspector gave his blessings. An hour later they gave us the licence and two hours later we were moving our liquor stock into the club. Still the hammering went on and the cleaning continued. It wasn't until two hours before opening that the carpenter picked up his tools and ducked out, just ahead of the florists who were decorating the club.

The doors opened at 7 p.m. and the club started swinging soon afterward. It's been swinging ever since, but for a few dozen people who were involved in that nightmarish pre-opening week, getting there was half the fun.

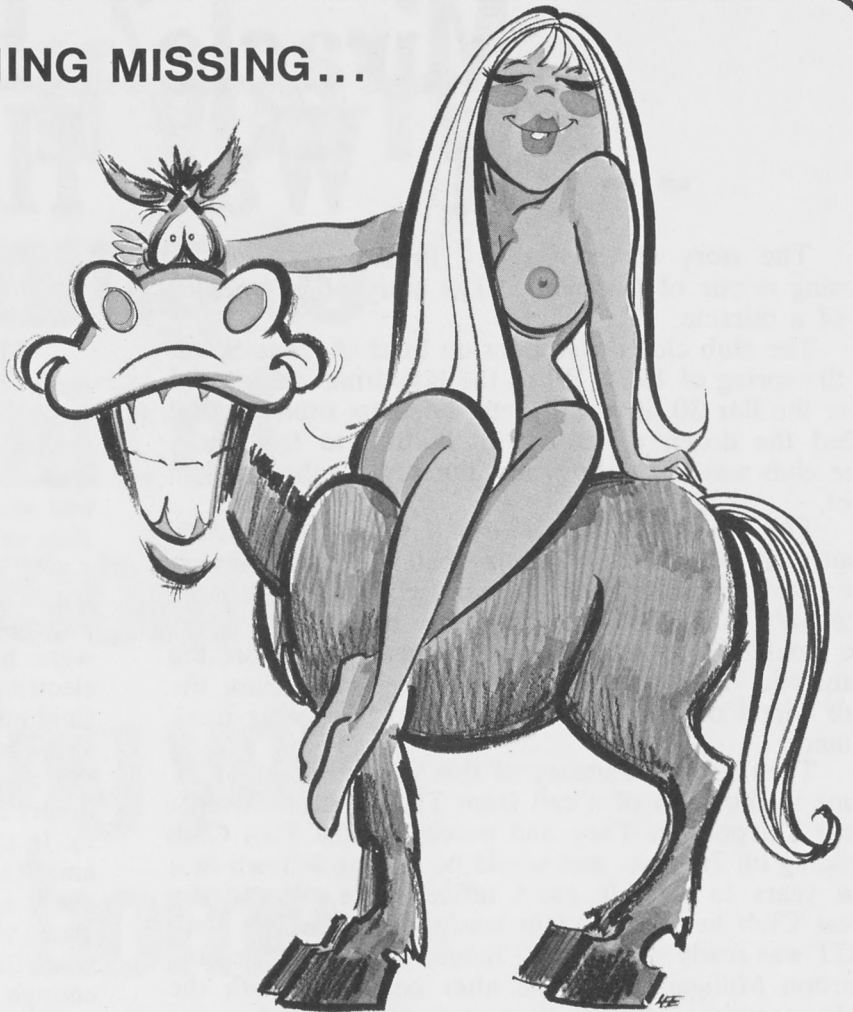
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THE CALGARY HERALD

Now This WAS A Press Club



LEONARD NESBITT
... among the first

So you think today's Press Club affairs are pretty wild. ?

Ask Len Nesbitt and he'll put you straight. He'll tell you about the time the press club boys decided to throw a banquet and told the entertainment committee to arrange for two bottles of beer and a flask of whiskey for every member. Somehow there was a mix-up in communications and everyone who went to the party wound up with two flasks of whiskey and one bottle of beer.

It was such a good party that Mr. Nesbitt remembers one of the boys throwing a pickle from the banquet table and hitting a publisher on the nose.

If you can't remember this particular party it's probably because it took place in 1911 — shortly after the founding of the very first Calgary Press Club. Len Nesbitt is probably the last remaining survivor of that club (if there is anyone else, he undoubtedly wouldn't want to admit it), and he takes a misty-eyed delight in rehashing the days of yore.

There were 20 members in that first press club, one of them being George Murray, the late husband of Ma Murray, editor of that dreadfully wonderful B.C. weekly.

The first president was a chap named Jimmy Sharp of The Albertan, who was later to fall at Vimy Ridge.

Len Nesbitt came to Calgary from the old Toronto News and started in the city as sports editor at The Albertan. Later he moved over to The Herald. He says the Press Club of those days was a pretty informal group.

Once they had to arrange with the CPR to get a special train car for the members so they could go to Banff for the day because at that time there was a law against taking private cars inside the national park. The legendary Bob Edwards was also a sometime member of the club and Mr. Nesbitt says he livened up quite a few meetings.

But the First World War forced the club to break up and when the men returned from the battle fronts, there was no one left to start the club up again.

But it was a first and as such deserves a lasting place in the annals of the Calgary Press Club. The members of that first club probably wouldn't enjoy themselves in the press club of 1968: For one thing, you have to wear a tie and jacket and you have to watch your language. They wouldn't stand for that.

(The following article appeared in a Calgary paper in 1911. Since it was a report on the first Calgary Press Club, we thought it was interesting enough to reproduce here.)

On Saturday evening there was officially born to this vale of joys and woes another joy, the Calgary Press Club.

This club starts off on its way through the world with better prospects than many a poorer-endowed youth. Born unofficially about a fortnight ago, the press club has progressed splendidly, gained in strength and become lusty and hearty. On Saturday evening it was able to sit up and take nourishment, supplied by

the Grosvenor restaurant. Then the club adjourned to its home in the Board of Trade building, counted its toes and noses, crowed and gurgled and made music for itself. It undoubtedly proved itself to be a lusty infant, with every prospect of reaching a hale and hearty old age.

The club is composed of bona-fide writers residing in the city, who wring more or less precarious livelihoods from the labor of scribbling or beating typewriters for the benefit of Pro Bono Publico, Anxious Mother and An Observer.

Also it includes such fortunate persons as have by perseverance managed to so improve their estate in life as to have passed through the fiery furnace of journalism and come unscathed into some other and more sedate branch of professional life. Also there are god-fathers (patrons).

At the official opening of the club rooms President Ev. D. Marshall presided as effectively as a city editor lords it over the reportorial staff.

Speeches and music followed. Mr. Marshall opened the affair with a short digression to the roles of the world and of infant clubs in particular. Mayor Mitchell then took up the subject of newspaper men and told us what nice fellows we were. Everyone applauded vociferously; the mayor had made a hit. Though every scribe or scribess knew that he or she were pretty fine fellows, they never had secured nerve enough to make it public, and the bravery of the mayor in thus frankly stating the truth was deeply appreciated.

P. J. Nolan, K.C., once a common, or garden, variety of editor, told blood curdling tales of cold-bloodedly murdering South American presidents by wireless, long before wireless was invented. He told tales of bribing compositors with beer, and of other dark deeds of early journalism.

C. W. Rowley delivered a few words of congratulation and praise. The club accepted the congratulations with equanimity, but broke again into storms of applause when the praise came.

"I love to hear a man tell the truth without exaggeration," declared T. T. John to J. R. McDonald. "Mr. Rowley is a great judge of character."

C. W. Peterson spoke a few words. He modestly confessed that he once edited a farm journal. Then he said some pleasant truths concerning newspaper scribes. (Great applause).

The speeches were interspersed with songs by Miss Currie Love. Jimmy Sharpe read a number of congratulatory telegrams from well-known subscribers; L. D. Nesbitt delivered a thrilling oration on pies, and the evening was wound up by the singing of a song, "Nellie was a lady," rendered by a quartette composed of W. A. DeGraves, Ernest Biddle and W. A. Rothwell, the solo being taken by L. Veigh Kelleigh, the noted Italian tenor.

These official social evenings will be held monthly.

—30—



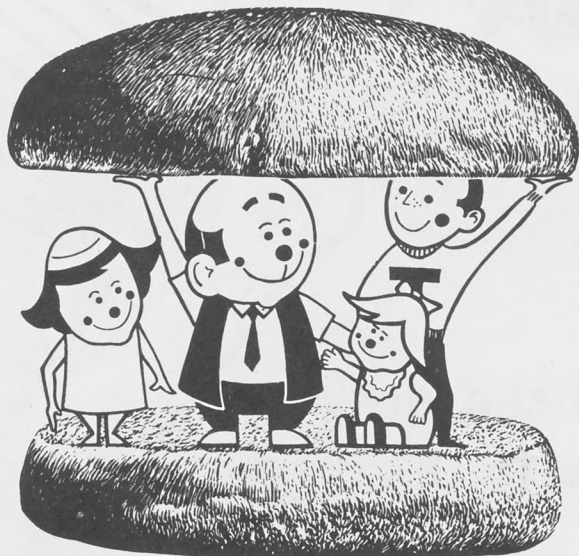
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Best Wishes To

**THE CALGARY PRESS CLUB'S
1968 DOUBLE B**

**Calgary Exhibition
& Stampede Board**

IF YOU'RE SO DAMN SMART
YOU FILL IN THE CAPTIONS!



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 GETS TWO TICKETS FOR
 NEXT YEAR'S B&B!

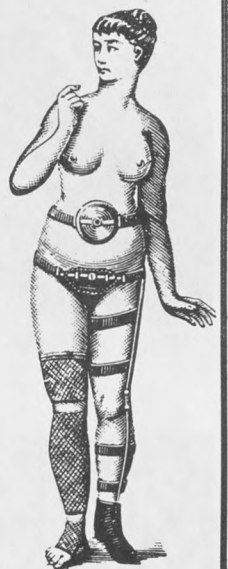
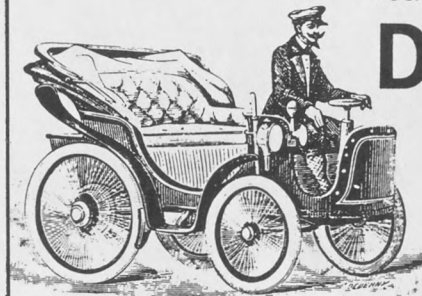


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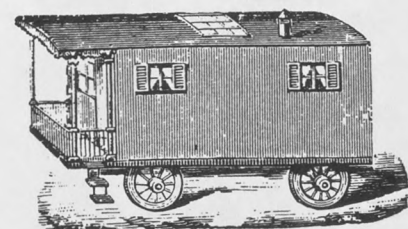


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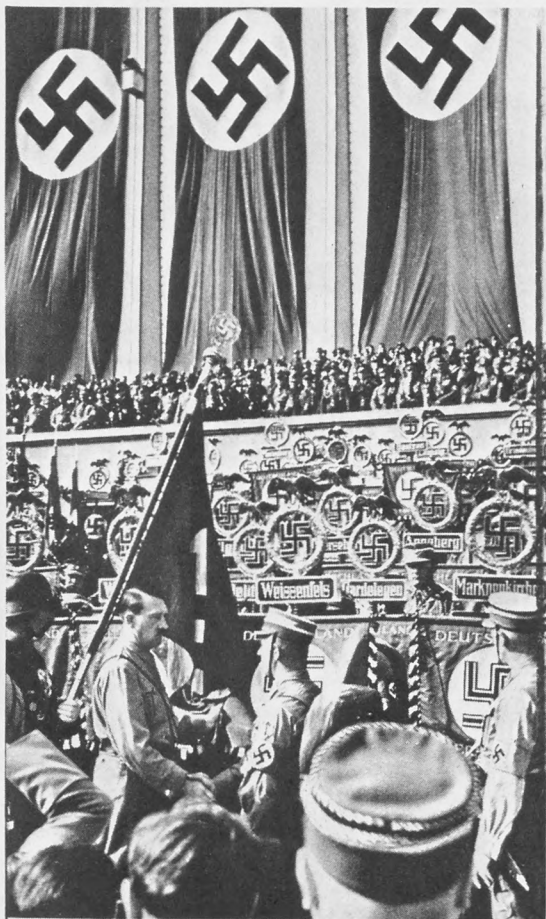
"Well, tell me Mr. Mayor, how was the food at the Double B?"



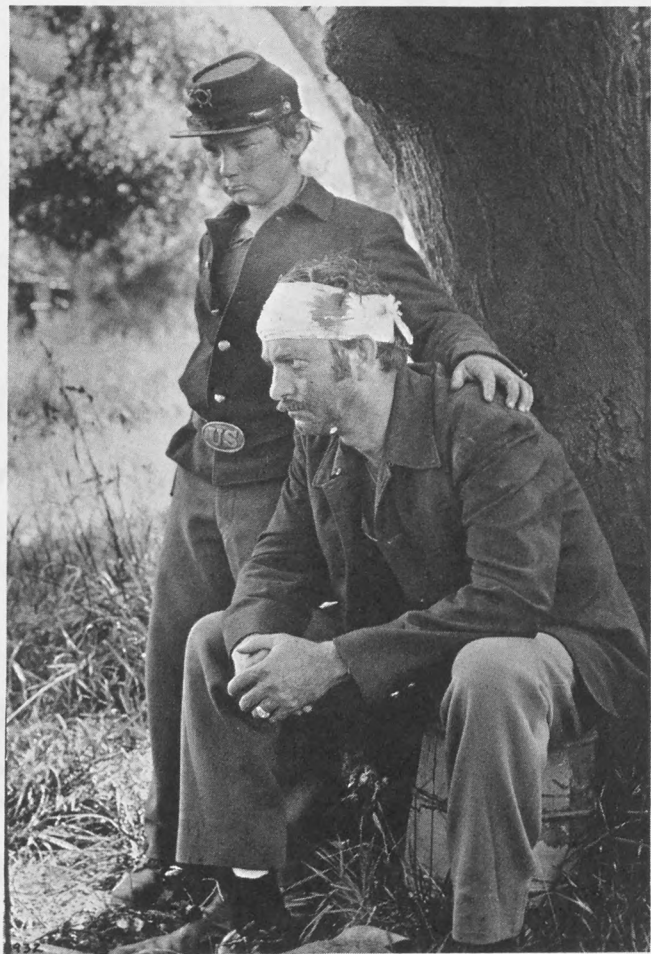
"Vive le . . . damn those pigeons."

CANDID

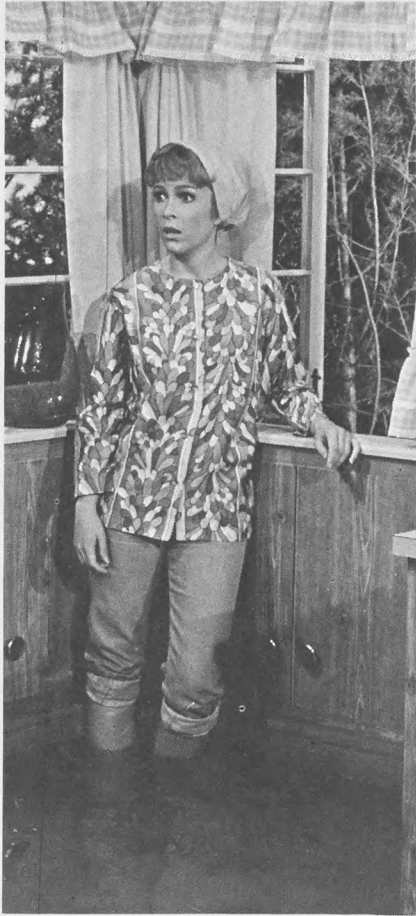
CAPTIONS



"Perhaps you should shave off the mustache, sir . . . the Argentine government is becoming suspicious."



"The next time, son, I'm going to shoot the apple off YOUR head."



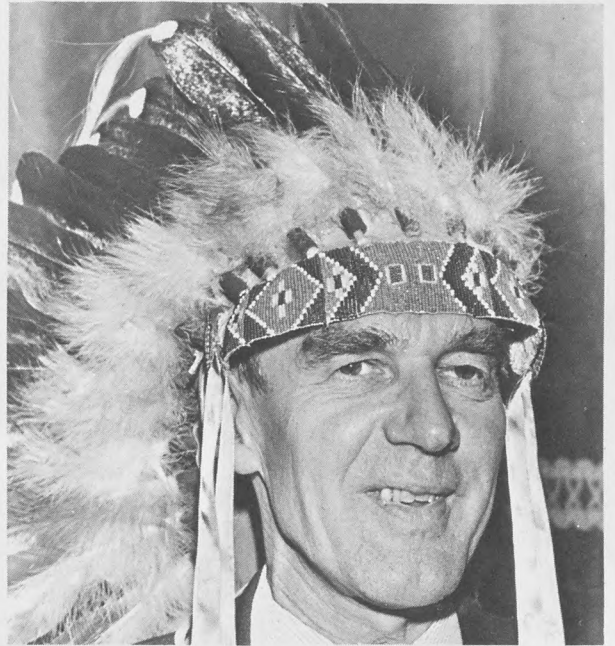
"I shouldn't have drunk so much beer at the Double B."



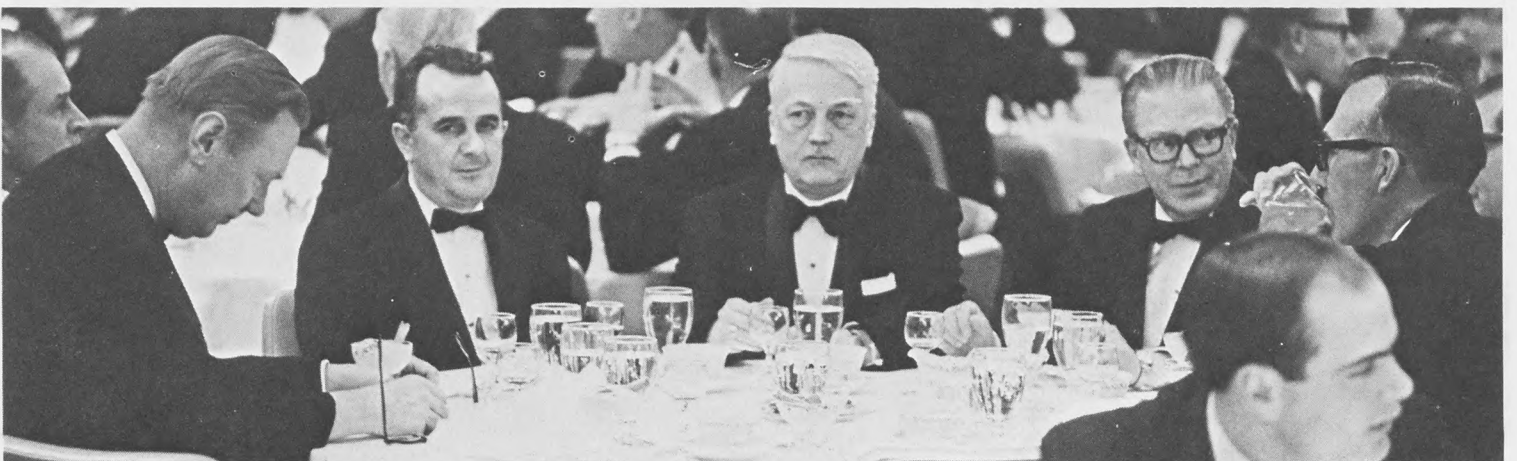
"Gee, Clyde, you really meant it when you said 'let's get stoned'."



"Don't blame me, I only hired him as justice minister!"



"Care to take a chance on an Indian blanket?"

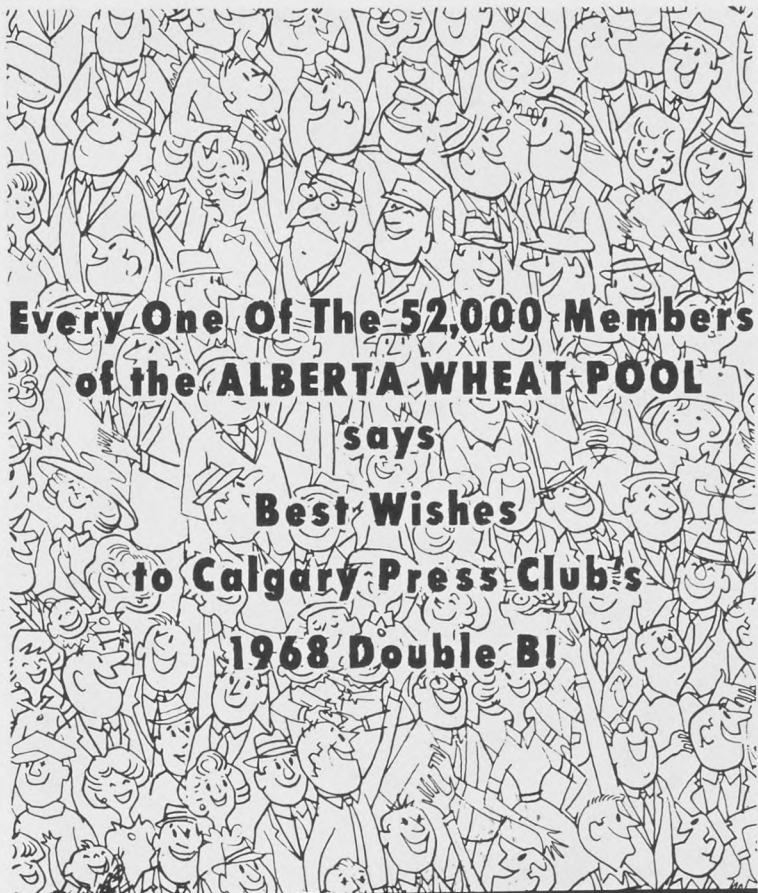


"All right, we're agreed then . . .
separate checks for all."

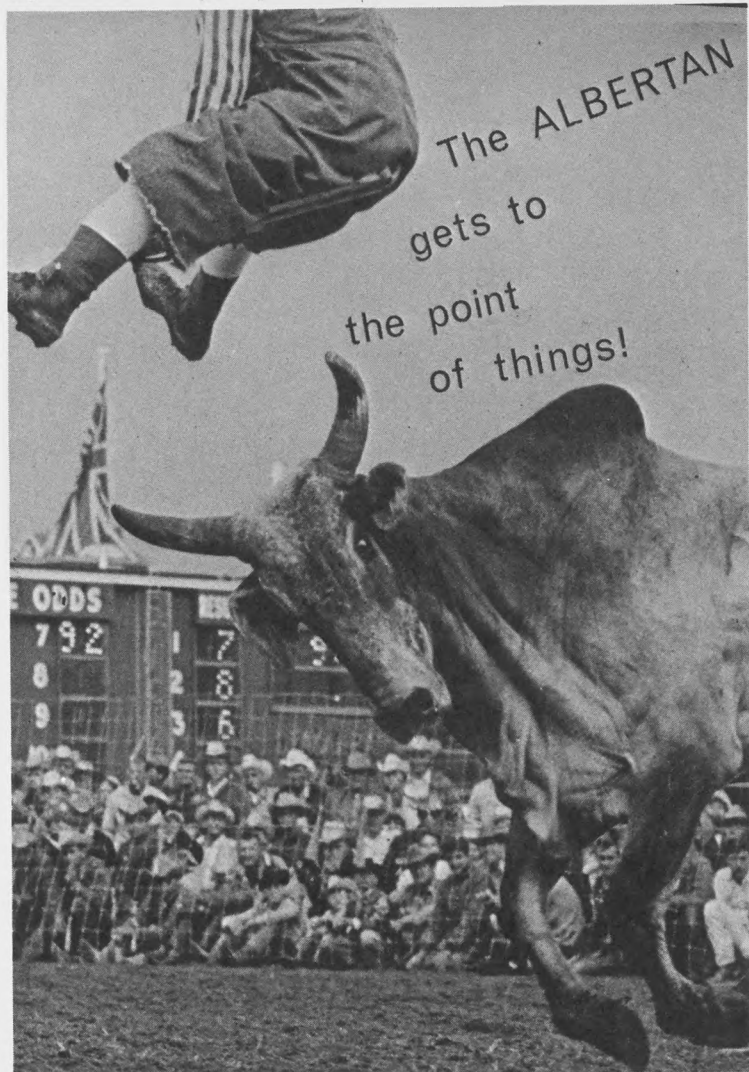


OH, MIKE!
NOT AGAIN!

I'M SORRY, DARLING--
WILL YOU EVER BE ABLE
TO FORGIVE ME FOR RUNNING
OUT OF OUR PLAYER'S FILTERS?



ALBERTA WHEAT POOL
Farmer-Owned Co-operative



The ALBERTAN
gets to
the point
of things!



**CALGARY
POWER**

Without stationery, the
press would be stationary!

Without the press, there'd
be no Press Club!

Without the Press Club, there'd
be no B. & B. Barbecue!

Bet you never realized before
what you owe to



LEWIS STATIONERY

(From a ream of paper to a
rubber band

You can always rely on
the "Stampede Brand")



LEVI'S . . . guaranteed
not to split the scene, man.

KENWAY'S
WESTERN STORE
1418 - 2nd Street S.E.



flying isn't strictly for the birds !

CANADAIR
LIMITED MONTREAL

PRESS CLUB ALMANAC



YEAR'S BIGGEST DISAPPOINTMENTS

The emmy awards; April; George Romney; the Hinman - Hooke inquiry; De Gaulle; see-through blouses; UFO pictures; maxi-dresses; Toronto Maple Leafs.



THAT GIRL

Enid Nemy, a New York Times writer, described British fashion model Twiggy this way: "She looks like nothing more than two waif-like profiles glued together with incandescent eyes."

REWRITING THE BIBLE

Adam Clayton Powell, addressing students at UCLA this spring, talked about the biblical passage which advised that once smitten you should turn the other cheek. Powell added this line for the Negro students . . . "the bible doesn't tell you what to do after that . . . I say kick the hell out of them."



MOST UNLOGICAL LOGIC

The British Medical Association was told this year by a leading doctor that if your last name begins with the letters S and Z you are twice as likely to get ulcers and three times more prone to heart attacks. "It is clear that the strain of all this waiting for your names to be reached—of always being last—renders them more liable to become morose and introspective," he said.

CIVIL RIGHTS AWARD

To Cleveland civil rights leader Ancusto Butler who complained that all Band-aids are flesh-colored. He said Negroes should be able to buy brown-colored Band-aids.

SOME BARGAIN!

Indian Family Planning Minister Chadrasekhar this year offered an incentive scheme to help the government's family planning program. He would present a transistor radio to every Indian undergoing voluntary sterilization.

LAND OF THE RICH

The United States tax department has just figured out that one in 317,460 Americans is a millionaire.

POOR SPORT OF THE YEAR

The winner of last year's Vancouver Sun Salmon Derby had his crown taken away from him when it was discovered he won first prize with a 37-pound salmon he bought from a fish dock.

THE UNKINDEST CUTS

Hollywood designer Blackwell described Elizabeth Taylor as looking "like two small boys fighting under a mink blanket." He described actress Ann Margret as "an escapee from Hell's Angels" and Barbra Streisand as "a flower child who went to seed in a cabbage patch."



QUOTE OF THE YEAR

"It is a long road that has no ashcans." John Diefenbaker in the House of Commons on Monday, Feb. 19.



HONESTY AWARD 1968

To Mike Nesmith of the Monkees pop music group. He advised teen-agers: "Don't buy us if you want good music. Our music is sort of inane, banal. The Beatles give the kids the good stuff . . . we're limited in musical ability."

FIRST WITH THE NEWS

The New York Times ran this lead: "American planes bombed Hanoi early Wednesday for the first time this year." The day this story ran Jan. 3.

THANKS, ANYWAY AWARD

To New York Times critic Clive Barnes who, after having the theatre hold the curtain for an opening night Broadway production for 30 minutes because his plane was late, still managed to pan the new musical.

BE-KIND-TO WIVES AWARD

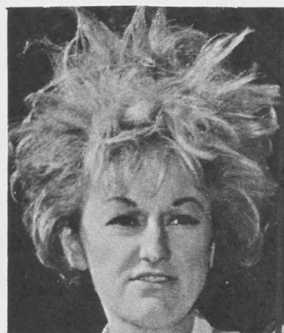
To Toronto columnist Gary Lautens who wrote he has a wife who's so flat-chested she can drop spaghetti "from now till doomsday and never get tomato sauce on anything but her shoes."

SCOOP OF THE YEAR

Toronto Telegram City Hall reporter Brian Hartley reported in a year-end wrap-up on the city council operations that one alderman was off sick for part of the year because he had a drinking problem. "But he is on the wagon now and it will be interesting to see if he will shape up and start working."

DILLER DILLEY

Told that the Phyllis Diller Show, a new one next fall, had been renamed The Beautiful Phyllis Diller Show, Phyllis cracked: "Right away, you know it isn't a documentary."



HUSBAND OF THE YEAR

This year's award goes to Franco Imperatore, of Naples, Italy, who jolted his wife awake with a 220-volt charge through her bed springs when he wanted to make love. "I could not bear to see her fast asleep while I was longing to make love," he told police.

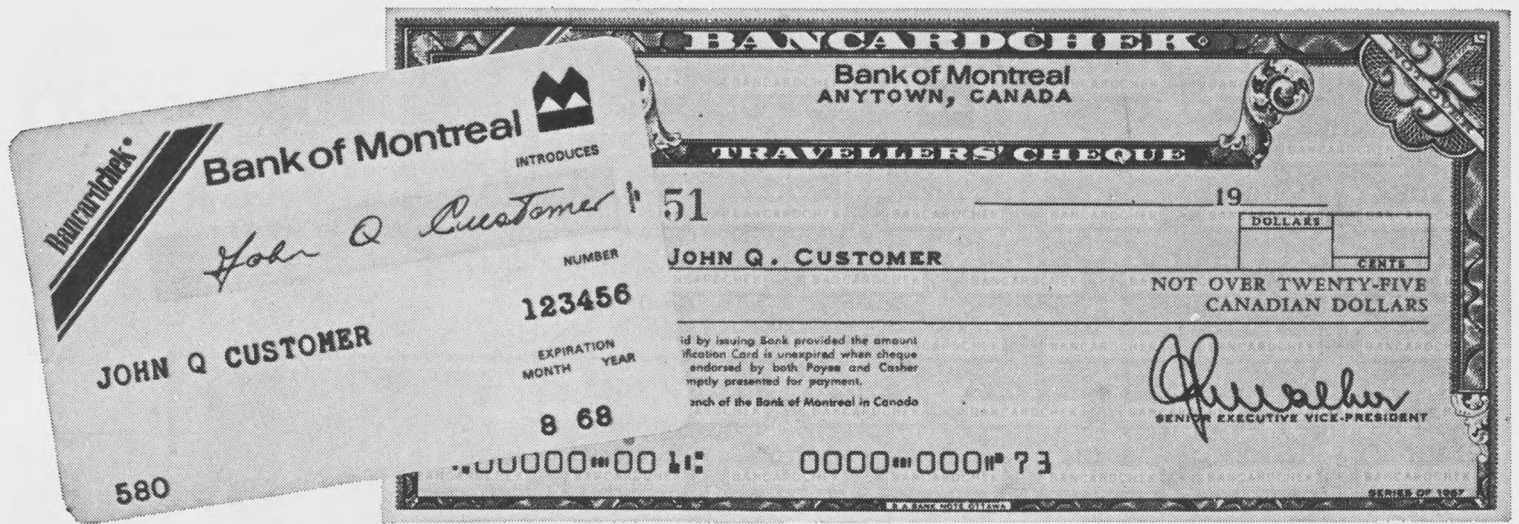
ASSANINE TALE

A 20-year-old Parisian model this spring sued to recover a 10-inch piece of her bottom. She had it tattooed for a part in a movie and afterward the tattoo was removed along with a piece of her skin. This was later sold to a collector for 10,000 francs and now the model wants it back. "After all, it's mine," she says.



PICTURE OF THE YEAR

It was bad enough having the bunny girls bend over your table to serve you a drink. But when the girl turned away it was just too much. The scene was the opening of a new Playboy club in Montreal late last year.



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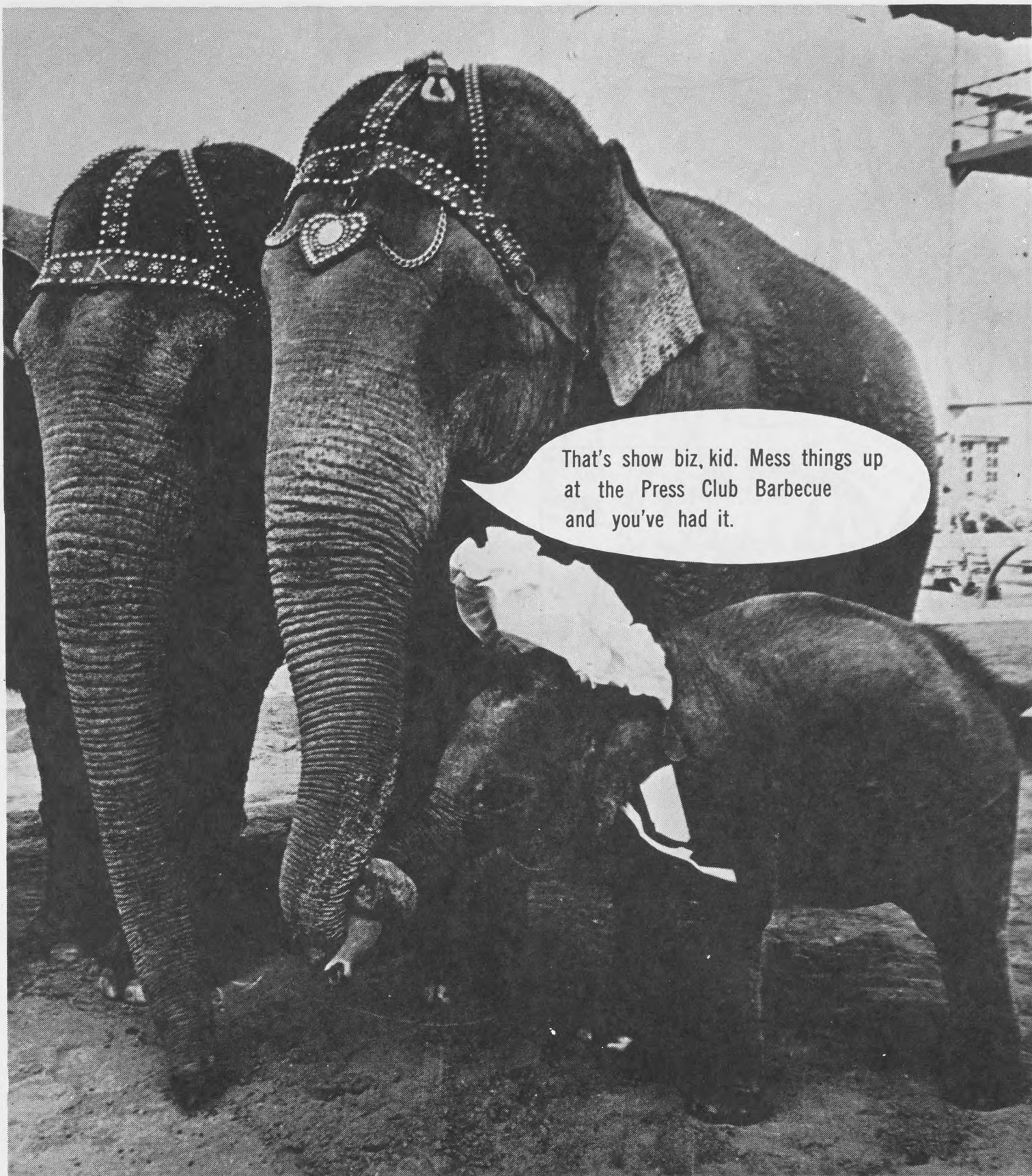
Bank of Montreal

Canada's First Bank

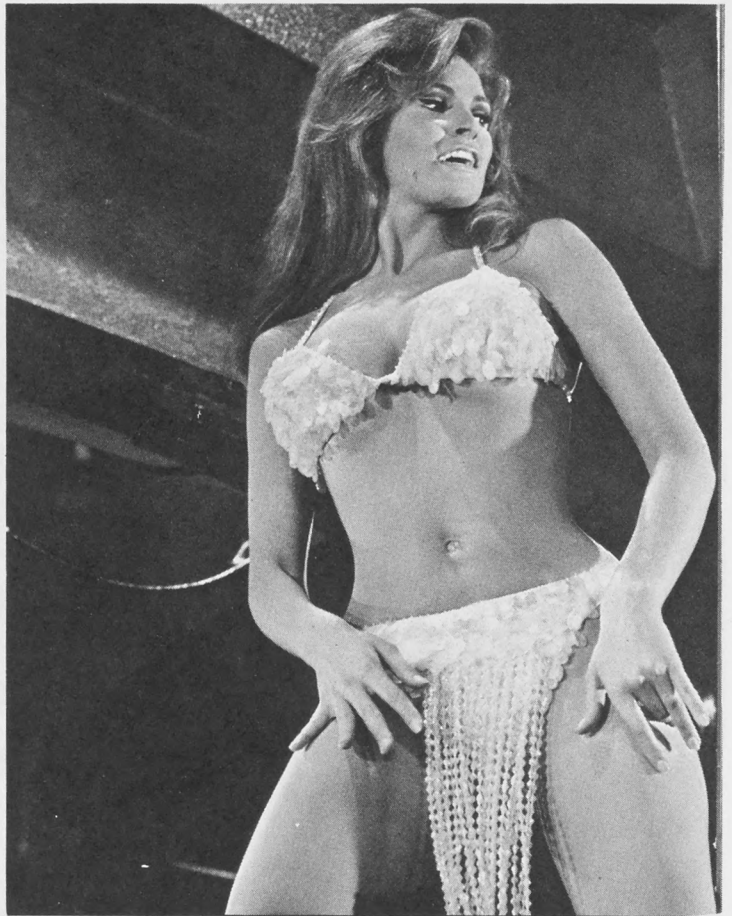
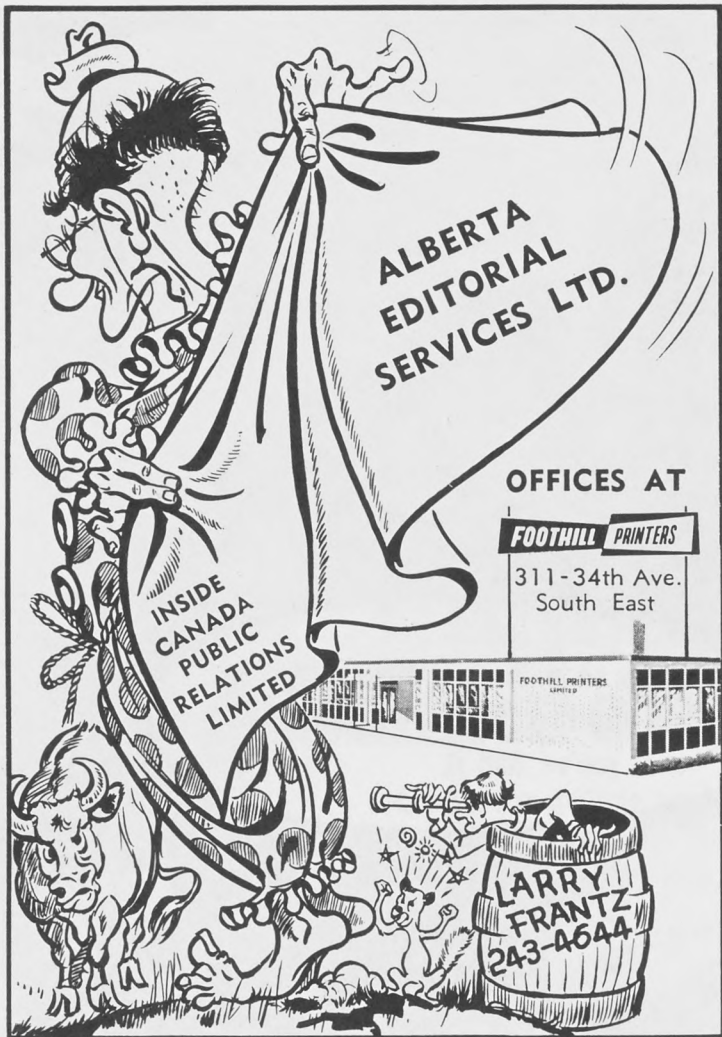
WHAT DID ONE CORN SAY TO ANOTHER?



TRUCKSTRUCKSTRUCKSTRUCKSTRUCKSTRUCKSTRUCKSTRUCKS



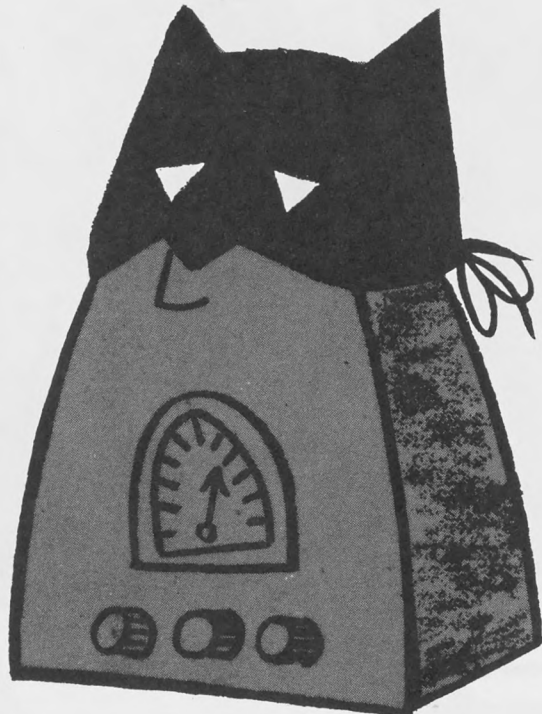
Don't mess around . . . travel *Canadian Pacific*
and stay at THE *Palliser*



BIRKS has everything too . . .

HENRY BIRKS & SONS

Downtown & Chinook Centre



DYNAMIC DUO



"Heard the latest? Management claims to have an ad campaign that will motivate people to watch Rowan & Martin's Laugh In and listen to the Howard Langdale Show both at the same time!"





"ON OUR WAY TO EUROPE—AND YOU HAD TO TELL HIM WE WERE MEMBERS OF THE CALGARY PRESS CLUB!"

COME FLY THE POLAR ROUTE WITH
CANADIAN PACIFIC AIRLINES 

"Darling... would you throw me my Mink coat... the double breasted one from Renfrew Furs."

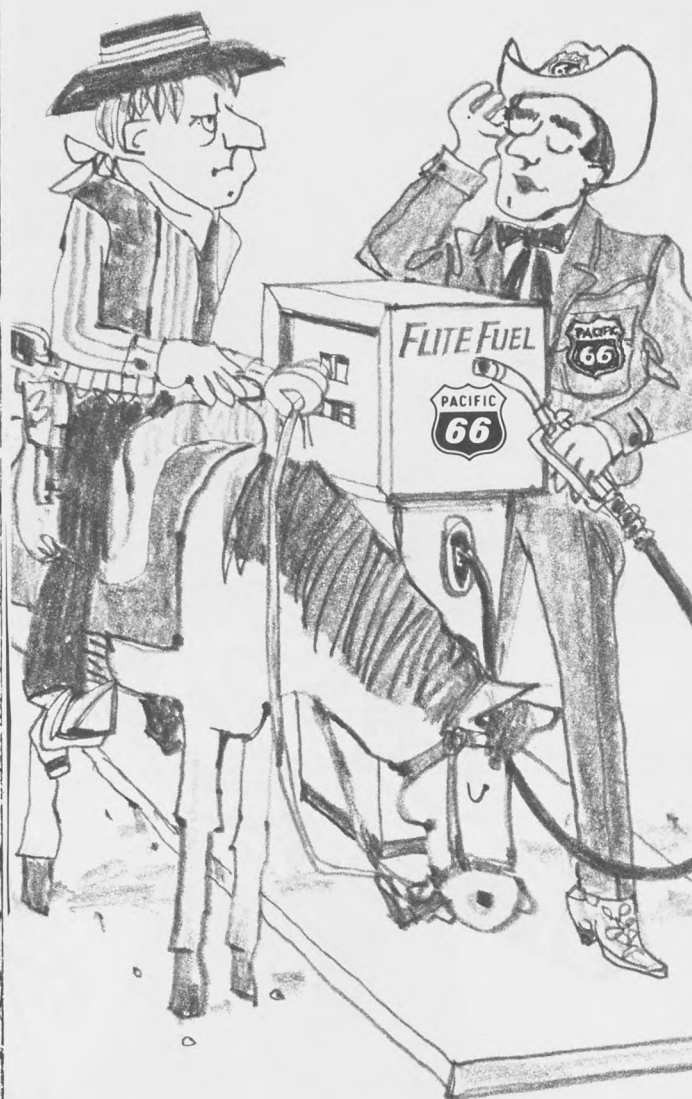


Renfrew
FURS

LADIES WEAR

SEVENTH AVENUE WEST AT CENTRE STREET, CALGARY, ALBERTA

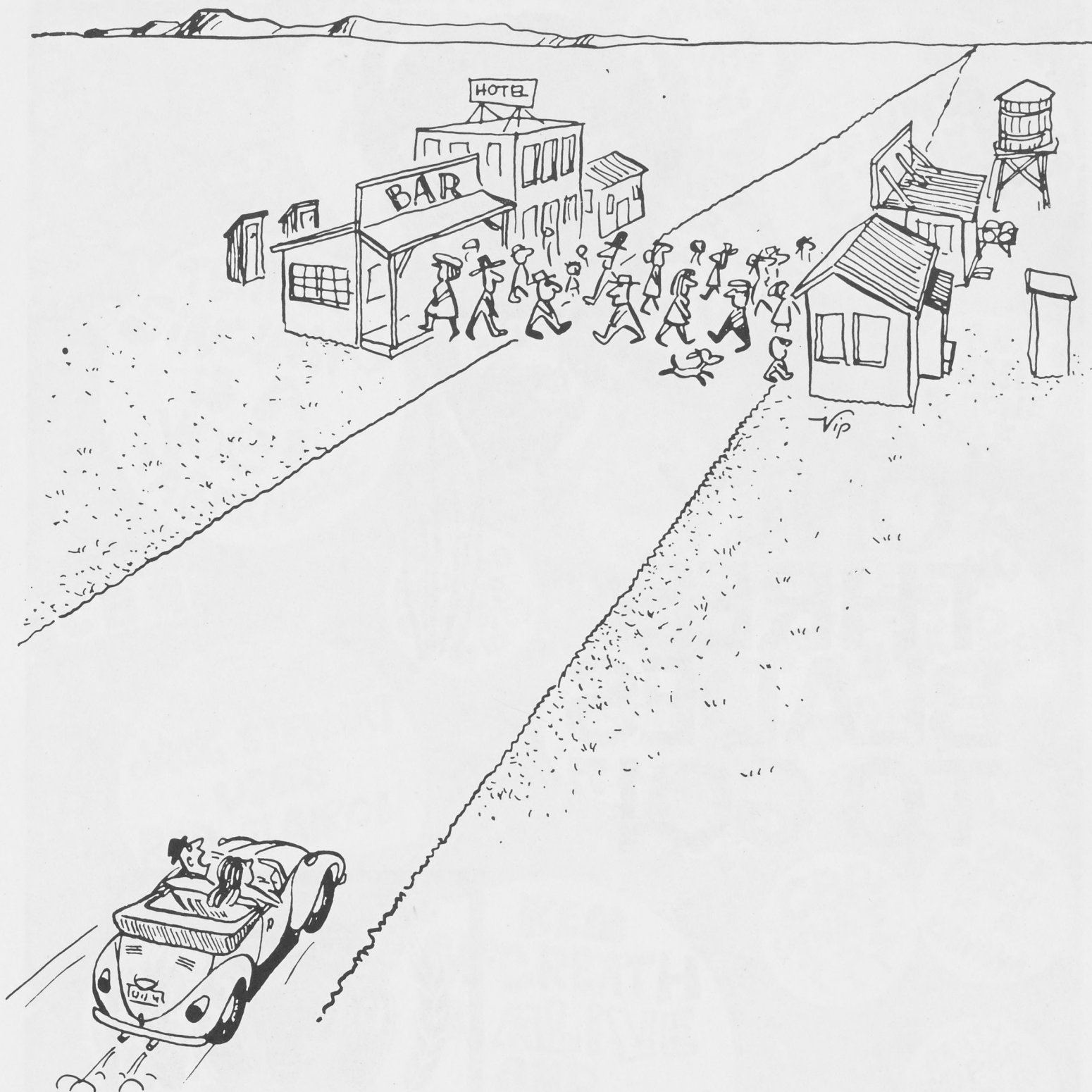
Sorry Clem!
We service anything but
your hayburner.



Always co-operative, pleasant, helpful, obliging, and knowledgeable, your Pacific 66 Top Hand has things well in hand. Horse doctoring is perhaps a little out of his league, but car doctoring is right up his apron. Rein your gas burner in today for Flite Fuel, the gasoline with more gallop per gallon; and pitch in a little Trop-Artic, the motor oil with the brain — it thinks its way around your engine.

Western hospitality
and western "know how"
at your





"Darn! We would have to hit town right at the rush hour."





**“ONLY
THREE
BLADES
TO GO!”**



The Spoiler

CBC

CANADIAN BROADCASTING CORPORATION

JOHN
WARREN
SCALPS THE
NORTH HILL
NEWS

IMPRISON
PRIVATE
BROAD
CASTERS

DENNIS
ETHIER
RAISES FROGS

GBR
A-GO-GO
1010

JULIETTE
FORGOT
MOTHER'S
DAY

FRED
DIEHL
IS TONE
DEAF

TEMPLE
SINCLAIR
IS A
VOGUE
TABERNACLE

GBR-1010

TOM
MCCULLOCH
PLAYS
TIDDLYWINKS

JOHN
MACLEOD
GROWS
POPPIES

NORRIS BICK
FLUNKED
KINDERGARTEN

GBR

JACK STEWART
USES
RED CLAIROL

JOHN
SEARCHFIELD
PLAYS THE
UKELELE

GBR

KEN
MCCREATH
IS ALIVE
AND
WORKING AT
GBR

GBR
WHAT
???

JACK
PEACH
IS A
BANANA

JUDY
WHO?

BETTY
COOPER
TALKS IN
HER SLEEP

NORM
LACEY
HATES
TREASURES

DON
MESSER
MAKES
OBSCENE
PHONE
CALLS

DON
HUDSON
LOVES
MANAGEMENT

GBR · CALGARY · DIAL 1010

"SOCKITTOUS"



**DON'T KEEP
YOUR MONEY
IN A BOOT!**

THE **ROYAL TRUST** COMPANY

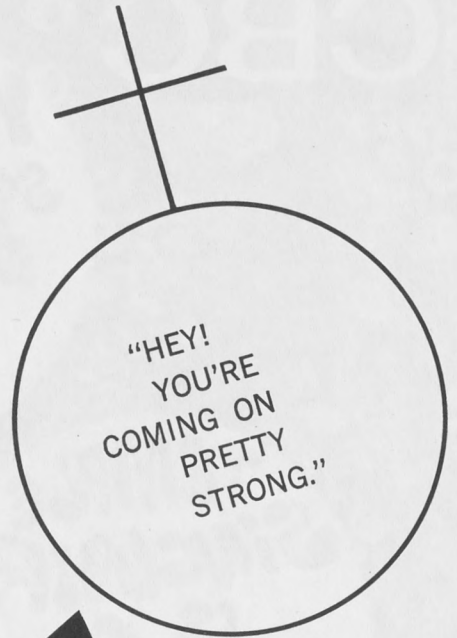
606-7th AVENUE S.W. CALGARY

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and order SMITTY'S
pancakes or famous
Gentleman Jim Steaks**



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CO-OPERATIVE FERTILIZERS
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"Madam, with the kind of 'House' you have in mind, you're darned right it has to be a 'custom' job"



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FLOWER FIRMS
HAVE
GONE TO POT

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FLORISTS LTD.
1406 - 17th Avenue S.W.



The Week That Finally Was

The aches and pains, the frustrations and anxious hours . . . it was all worth while. The opening week made it so; a wild and wonderful mixture of frivolity and chaos.

The heady feeling of success, after so many years of knocking our heads against the wall, gave vent to a week never before witnessed in Calgary.

First there was the Playboy Club playmate, Teddi Smith, smaller than we had visualized from her magazine fold-outs but seductive of eye and happy of spirit. She made boys out of old men and completely befuddled some male members with her shuffleboard talents.

But let's start at the beginning. Tuesday night of April 16, at 7 o'clock, the club bar swung into operation and by the time the official opening ceremonies got under way at 8 o'clock, the place was jammed. Mayor Jack Leslie led the club in a champagne toast and we were launched on the road to success. Earlier, Fred Davis, Mr. Nice of the TV world, spent an hour telling the world about our new club. With the help of an AGT telephone hook-up, he called most of the major press clubs across the country, giving their presidents a chance to wish Calgary all the best. He managed the operation fairly well, but in one club all he could raise was the janitor and in Montreal he found someone who wanted to speak French. Fortunately, there was someone in the club who could do just that. The topper for the evening was a visit by Myron Cohen who dropped into the club after his show at the auditorium and drew belly laughs with his stories. "Most of the clubs I've visited are made up of 4 per cent press and 96 per cent clothing merchants," he told the members. "I'd advise you to get some clothing merchants."

Wednesday noon was recovery time. There's nothing better for a hangover than a wine and cheese session. It was pleasant, as were organist Shirley Corrigal and hostesses Lynne Thornton and Tania Arnett. Then came "stag night" and the one beautiful intruder — Delores Parkhill, a most charming cigarette girl.

Thursday noon it was a feast for those who like Bavarian food and for the rest it was a chance to warm up for that evening's "political night" . . . a free-wheeling sortie for our aldermen and MLAs. Premier Manning even cancelled the night sitting of the Legislature so that the members could fly down to Calgary for the big night. There were Liberals Mike Maccagno and Bill Dickie and Tories Peter Lougheed and Len Werry and aldermen Berry, Farran, Davis and Petrusuk. There was also House Speaker Art Dixon and Public Works Minister Fred Colborne, two long-time supporters of the Press Club. A highlight of the night, and indeed, a highlight of the week, was the taped presentation of the club's version of the Liberal convention, complete with a toilet-flushing finale.

After these first three hectic days it would seem natural for the pace to ease off. But it didn't, and Friday was even worse. That was the day Pierre Berton, Mr. Tough of TV, arrived at the club and showed us that the Toronto life hasn't dampened his Western spirit. That night he gave out with his "Shooting of Dan McGrew" and then pounded away on the piano while he shouted aloud a few poems of the Klondike Days. Otherwise, it was a typical Friday at the club. There was a fashion show (with Lorne Ball as commentator) and there was a pipe band marching through the halls, and there was a ladies' luncheon and there was a Hawaiian dance. There were also more than 400 people pressed into the club rooms. Just an ordinary day!



HAWAIIAN NIGHT AT THE CLUB AND THE CROWD LAPPED UP THE FUN AND SUDS

The big prize of the week (there were dozens of smaller prizes) was a free trip for two to the Hawaiian Islands courtesy Canadian Pacific and the lucky winner was oil columnist Jim Armstrong. Armstrong didn't even know the prize was being offered when he walked into the club.

Toronto cartoonist Ben Wicks was also on hand and even managed to get Playmate Teddi to sit long enough to do a sketch of her. Ben made the trip out to Calgary especially for the opening week and by the final day he had invited just about everyone back to Toronto for a drink.

The Friday night crowd was definitely the biggest of the week (over 400 were there) and to accommodate them we had to open an extra bar.

Saturday noon about a dozen of the city's finest sportsmen and sports writers and broadcasters journeyed down to the club for a beer and sandwich. Pierre was on hand to greet them but our playmate had left for California, which was just as well since these sports types can run fairly well.

That night we went Western and it was a good choice. Everyone was either too tired or too relaxed to do much else than just sit around singing western songs. And we had a good leader: Reg Gibson of Winnipeg who arrived in town only an hour before going on stage. Toward the end of the evening, Berton was back on the piano, leading another sing-along and we almost had to drag him away.

But the bar finally closed and the place gradually emptied. In the wee small hours a cleaning crew was busy trying to restore some semblance of order. A few directors sauntered over to a nearby hotel for a relaxed drink, but others just went home to bed and the first good night's sleep in a week. But the heady feeling was still there. We were in business, and it felt good.

—30—



**OUR BUNNY,
DELORES PARKHILL
... cigarettes for the boys**

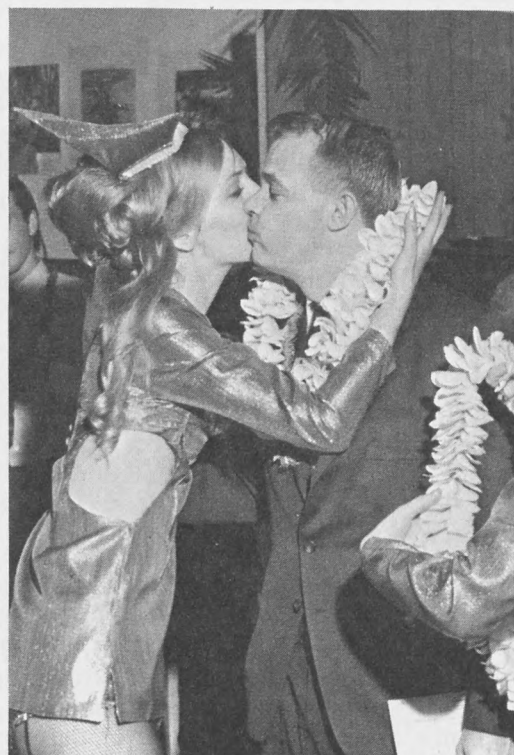
A week of friendly faces



BOB SHIELDS POURS THE CHAMPAGNE
... for opening night crowd at the club



LIBERALS MIKE MACCAGNO AND BILL DICKIE
... a hug from playmate Teddi Smith



Press Club life member Bill Mitchell was on hand for the opening festivities (top photo) and on Friday night, another writer, Jim Armstrong, received a kiss and two tickets to Hawaii (bottom photo), courtesy CPA.



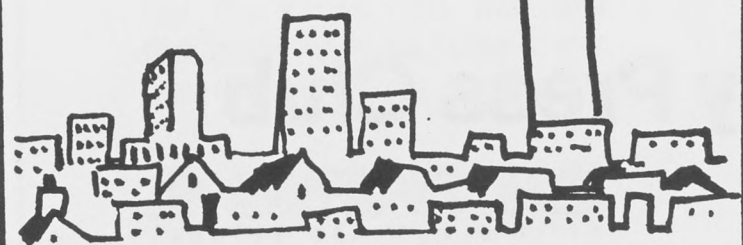
Myron Cohen was welcomed to the club on opening night (top left), Pierre Berton pounded out his Klondike folk songs (centre) and Doug Johnson found time to give the "Calgary Oath" to playmate Teddi Smith and Fred Davis (bottom photo). Above, Berton became a true Calgarian when he donned and kept on his Western hat.



TRUST
TEXACO



how
hy
can
you
get?



Well, doesn't everyone? Read Oilweek, that is.

"That's how come I know so much about the petroleum industry," said federal Minister of Energy, Mines and Resources Jean-Luc Pepin when interviewed on Channel 4 Calgary TV wearing his "I read" button.

Well, maybe he didn't say exactly that.

But he did wear the button. On television.

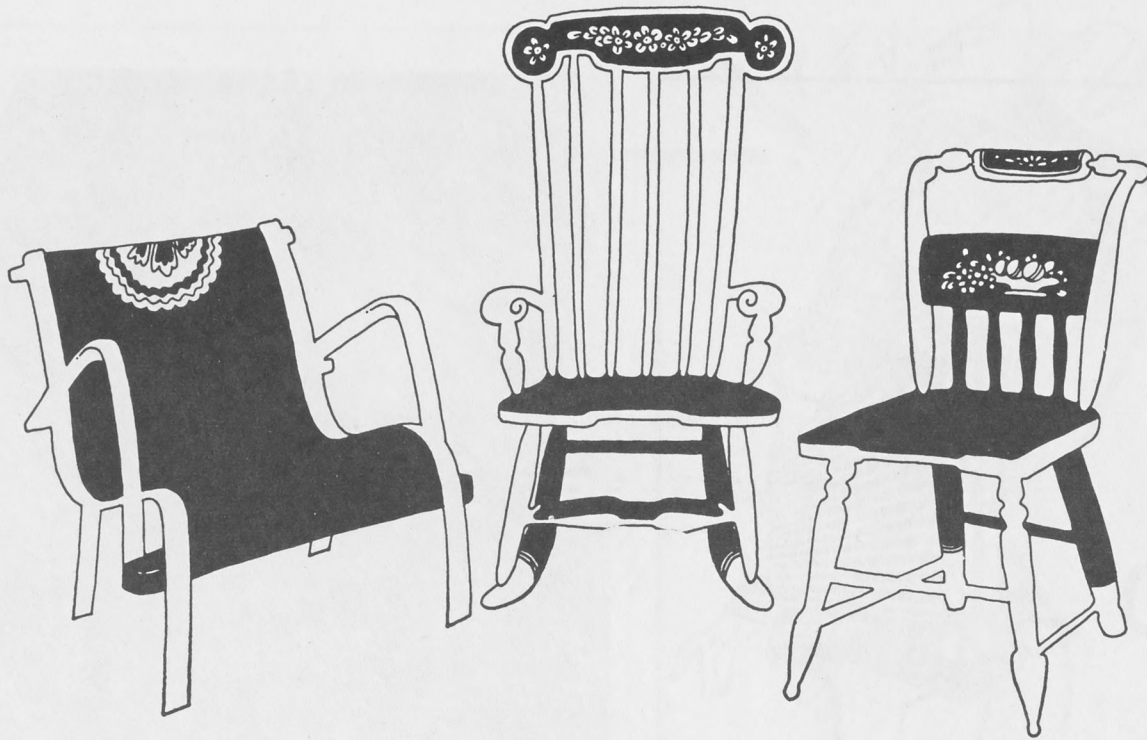
And he does read Oilweek.

But is that so unusual? Doesn't everyone?

Read Oilweek, that is.

Canada's Most Widely Quoted Oil Authority.
A Maclean-Hunter Business Publication.
805 - 8th Ave. S.W., Calgary

OILWEEK



and a



for the Calgary Press Club



*"Snipped Shoulder Strap Stops
Fashion Show at Exclusive
Calgary Inn"* — news item

**"This was the
most unkindest
cut of all"**

Julius Caesar
Act 3 Scene 3

For the kinda cuts that are
the most, see us ...we'll put
out the welcome mat!

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PROCESS COMPANY LIMITED

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R. G. Harvey To Your Stew !!**



to **CONGRATULATIONS**
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Bill McCallum
SOUTH SIDE MIRROR
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Canada's largest weekly



PLEASE DON'T CONFUSE US THERE'S A BIG DIFFERENCE !

We're United Farmers of Alberta, a co-operative merchandising organization which sells farm supplies and farm petroleum products to Alberta farmers. We're not the FUA (Farmers' Union of Alberta) although we count them among our good friends; we're not associated with the Calgary Co-op Stores although they are our friends too — and we like the groceries they sell. And, no, we have nothing to do with UFO's. Matter of fact, we are far from being an unidentified object: Alberta farmers know who we are — to the extent that 69% of them belong to the UFA — more than are members of any other farm organization.



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13 Farm Supply Branches, 163 Bulk Oil Outlets Throughout Alberta

For Guests, It's a Fun Club



THE BRAZILIAN DANCERS FEEL IN THE DANCING MOOD
... during May visit to the club before Jubilee Auditorium appearance



THE IRISH ROVERS DURING JUNE APPEARANCE AT THE PRESS CLUB
... a press conference turned into a preview performance for club members



JOE TRICKEY

DAVE ANNESLEY

JACK FLEMING

**WE'RE GOING TO
THE BARBEQUE
SEE YOU THERE!**

canadian western
 **natural gas**
company limited



for the Clearest
News Coverage.... WATCH channel

2

EGAD, BROWN,
I THOUGHT I TOLD
YOU TO CUT OUT
THESE RODEO CAPERS
OVER HERE!

HOME OIL COMPANY LIMITED

**Going to the B&B?
Pack a Pontiac ...**



CALGARY MOTOR PRODUCTS



The somewhat limited success of recent new cigarettes, both own and opposition, has made obvious the fact that the chances of success of a new brand are much greater when innovating a new segment. The continuing strength of the Regular length segment, as illustrated by the recent growth of Player's Filter, pointed out consumer demand for a fully satisfying product in a shorter length.

The success of shorter cigarettes with a price advantage in the U.K., the inherent strength of the Players trademark and the company's ability to produce a lower priced cigarette of quality at a profitable level, all combined to result in the decision to market "Player's No. 6 - The Compact Cigarette."

In order to avoid security leaks, development of many of the product elements took place outside the country. Packaging board was purchased in Sweden and printed in England. Advertising was created in New York, display material in Milwaukee, colour newspaper inserts in Louisville, Kentucky. Machinery to manufacture the cigarette was put together in the Montreal plant on the pretext that it was to be shipped overseas, for use by another manufacturer. Up until the day production began, only a few people were familiar with the project.

The result - Player's No. 6, an Imperial Tobacco "first" in the field of the compact cigarette.

PLAYER'S

Nº6

FILTER

**When you're this good
you don't have to be big!**

**YOUR SAVINGS MULTIPLY
AT
ALBERTA FIDELITY TRUST**

Branches at...

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Southridge Mall



A barbecue?



That's our brand of fun



MOLSON'S – independent brewers since 1786



"DO YOU MEAN TO TELL ME THAT WE GOT ALL
THOSE CALVES FROM ONE BURNS BULL"

**TO MAKE A
BETTER MEAL
BETTER MAKE
IT BURNS.**

Burns